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VOL. 5. NO. 124

VANITY FAIR

Saturday,

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1862.

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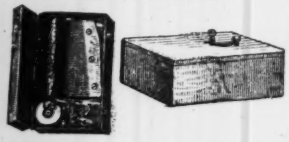

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LOVELL THE CONFIDENT, AND DUNCAN THE CHEERFUL.

On the 23d of April Major General LOVELL, in command at New Orleans, telegraphed Brigadier General DUNCAN in command at Fort Jackson, to the effect that he was a trump, that the citizens of New Orleans placed "firm reliance" on him and his fellow trumps, and that they would be "recorded in history as splendid examples," and all the rest of it. DUNCAN replied by return of flash that he and his were in a cheerful mental condition, (to which the falling of 1000 thirteen-inch shells in the fort, had no doubt materially contributed,) and that the enemy "must soon exhaust themselves." From the tone of the correspondence, a person unacquainted with the hyperbolic tendency of the Southern mind, would suppose that the two Generals were wrapt up in measureless contents, and that the miserable PORTER and the imbecile FARRAGUT were in a state of asphyxia. Yet on the very next day, according to the *Richmond Dispatch*, the gay and gallant LOVELL "withdrew his forces, having first burnt such stores as could not be removed, all the cotton in the city and the shipping." In other words the cheerful traitor, being in too jolly a humor to fight, committed arson and ran away by the light of it. As to Fort Jackson, immediately after the approaching exhaustion of the "enemy" had been announced, it tumbled to pieces. The *vamos* of General LOVELL appears to have been not unlike that of another Flower of Chivalry of the same name, as recorded in a heroic song as follows. Substitute a belle of New Orleans for the Ladye NANCY BELL of the ballad, and the parallel is beautiful:

"Oh! where are you going Lord LOVELL?" she said,
"Oh! where are you going?" said she,
"I'm going, Ladye NANCY BELL,
Strange countries for to see-see-see,
Strange countries for to see."
"When will you be back Lord LOVELL?" she said,
"When will you be back?" said she,
"In a year or two, or three at the most,
I'll return to my fair NANCY-CY-CY,
I'll return to my fair NANCY."

The Modern LOVELL, as did his prototype, has left for parts unknown—probably for Tennessee-see-see; but it is hardly likely that he will come back in "a year or two or three"-three-three, unless he be brought back as a prisoner of war.

Letcher on the Rampage.

During a recent fit of liquor lunacy the Delirious Drunkard of Dixie diabolically dictated the following proclamation.

"The loyal citizens of the West and Northwest, in counties not herein named, are earnestly invoked to form *guerilla companies*, and strike, when least expected, once more for the State that gave them birth. With stern resolve and manly courage uphold the flag and the untarnished fame of the Old Dominion.

Scorn the misrule of traitors, who, with usurped authority, are desecrating our soil with a pollution worse than that of the direst enemy, and execute vengeance upon the foe who acknowledges and sustains their treason."

Nature originally intended to write down LETCHER an assassin, but for some reason best known to herself left off at the double ass. Hence with all the vicious instinct of a beast of prey, he is simply asinine. He drinks and brays.

A CATECHISM FOR YOUNG JOURNALISTS.

WITH SUITABLE ANSWERS APPENDED.

Q.—How would you fit yourself to write editorial matter for the *Herald*?

A.—I would buy a plantation and niggers down South, and then try to keep both parties from confiscating them.

Q.—How would you fit yourself for the *Tribune*?

A.—I would turn myself into a nigger and go crazy.

Q.—How for the *Times*?

A.—Buy a share in the STEVENS Battery.

Q.—How for the *World*?

A.—I wouldn't write for the *World*!

Q.—How for the *Evening Post*?

A.—Get a place on the *Ledger*, and practice my hand at doing dirty paragraphs about General MCCLELLAN.

Q.—What, in your opinion, is the best qualification for a writer on military science?

A.—Total ignorance of the subject, and a good memory for technical terms.

Q.—What are the requirements of a critic on military movements?

A.—Extensive experience in running away from European battle-fields; a personal or partisan spite against General MCCLELLAN; total disbelief in everything but oneself, and twenty-four glasses of bad whiskey *per diem*.

Q.—What is the first requisite for a War-Correspondent?

A.—A fine imagination, and entire absence of principle.

Q.—Which, in your opinion, are the most truthful, the reports of Rebel or Union papers, concerning various battles?

A.—What is the difference between tweedle-dum and tweedle-dee?

Q.—If you desired to ruin a General's reputation, what would you do?

A.—Get up eight or ten columns of "defense" for him in the *Tribune* and *Post*.

Q.—If you wanted to assist him all you could, what would you do?

A.—Let him alone.

Q.—If you were connected with an Abolition paper, how would you serve its aim?

A.—By doing all I could for Disunion.

Q.—In what way?

A.—Covertly: first, by retarding Congress, which I should do by sending petitions to imbecile Senators for the emancipation of slaves: second, by assaulting the Commander-in-Chief and egging on Investigations to fritter away his time: third, by working against any possible Reconstruction of the Union or harmonious relation whatever between North and South; which could be done by advocating negro insurrections, hanging of prisoners, confiscation of property and annihilation of States.

Q.—Are you aware that you are describing the course of two daily papers; the *Post* and *Tribune*?

A.—Yes siree; that's where I got the idea!

Q.—What is your opinion of B°NN°T?

A.—I think he is a knave!

Q.—What is your opinion of GR°°L°Y?

A.—I think he is a fool!

Q.—And what of R°YM°ND?

A.—I think he is a mixture of both!

A Wax End.

Effigies of Messrs. MASON and SLIDELL, modelled in wax, were added to the renowned collection of Madame TUSSAUD, in London, a short time since. Connected with this, we have received, by private letter, an amusing anecdote, which our correspondent, who is a person incapable of exaggeration, vouches for as strictly true. The day after the arrival of the waxen Confederate Commissioners at the gallery, two other effigies in the same material, representing President LINCOLN and General MCCLELLAN, were placed in a case directly opposite, when, to the dismay of the spectators, the Confederates began to run, and did not stop running until total dissolution was accomplished, leaving nothing of them but a great dollop of wax upon the floor. This circumstance is said to have created a profound sensation in England, where it is accepted as an omen of the speedy dissolution of the dissolute Confederacy.

A Domestic Conundrum.

Q.—What is the difference between a little girl assiduously employed with a book, and an elderly lady absorbed in the process of knitting hose?

A.—The one is stocking her mind, and the other is minding her stocking.

A WARNING TO EDITORS.

Rejected Contributor, (perhaps.)—"STOP SENDING ME YOUR INFERNAL PAPER, SIR, OR ELSE— !"

Turn-About is Fair Play.

COLERIDGE, after premising that "the river Rhine" "doth wash the city of Cologne," asks with fervor, what power shall wash the unfortunate river. So, the people with equal fervor, after reading, day by day, this opening line of the Senate reports:

"Senator SUMNER presented petitions for the Abolition of Slavery,"

begin to ask "Ah, who will present petitions for the Abolition of Senator SUMNER!"

With a Hook.

"The fishing season has commenced, I see," said the Poet; "the *Herald* says that the enemy has thrown out his Lines along Warwick Creek."

"What has he caught?" asked the Spiritualist.

"Caught? why, a Tartar!" growled X.

Thicker than Water.

A newspaper correspondent with our forces before Yorktown says that he saw Rebel soldiers and negroes "preparing a great shed" inside one of their works. We have reason to believe that a Blood-shed was alluded to.

Bad for the Prussians.

The papers state that the great Military Commission in Prussia will be "controlled by a General WRANGEL."

How very like our Congress!

By an Adopted Citizen.

"We are gradually extending our Lines into the enemy's country: when he tries to drive us back, don't you see? he'll find it uncommonly Hard Lines."

A POOR LOOK-OUT.

There is a fine, fusty, fossil, fogyish fragrance in the following bit of "personal" fresh from London.

"Mr. HENRY BUDD of London, whose will has just been proved under £200,000 ($1,000,000), is said to have left the whole to his two sons, on pain of forfeiture if they wear a moustache!—the property in that case to be applied to the erection of a dwelling for the homeless poor of London."

In the misty background of the above is to be discerned some lucrative employment for the lawyers of Cockaigne. For instance, there will be grounds for a legal definition as to what constitutes a moustache, a question which it may take the life time of the BUDD brothers to settle, in view of the subtle manner in which lawyers are given to splitting hairs. Then, unless the prayers of the "homeless poor of London" are no better than quack unguents, the BUDDS will find it no easy matter to avoid sprouting. Suppose, for example, that there are one hundred thousand paupers in London, to whom the circumstance of hairs upon the upper lips of two men named BUDD is one of material consequence, and is it not morally certain that the magnetism involved in this must eventually cause the BUDDS to blow moustaches in spite of their teeth? What a melancholy time these unfortunate BUDDS have in prospect! Let them travel where they will, and ever behind them goes the shadow of the "London poor," dogging their weary footsteps in the hope of establishing a moustache against them. Thus it will always be a "poor look out" for the BUDDS, whose immediate pregenitor, being a cockney, probably only meant to convey by will his desire that they should not take hairs upon themselves.

Begins to see Something.

According to one of the dailies the revolution in naval warfare, even in this country—"is only a question of time. Iron clads we must have."

This is reassuring. From the experience lately given us of Public Functionary Number Two—meaning GIDEON—we had about concluded that the question was likely to be one of Eternity rather than Time.

MARS IN WALL STREET.

One might conjecture, from the way
Mars changes at "high change" each day,
The current rates of stocks.
That he, the God of heavy blows,
Was—and perhaps he is, who knows?
The God of weather cocks.

His mailed hand the lightning guides
That sways of Brokerdom the tides,
And as the flashes dart;
How oft the second serves to burst
The bubbles conjured by the first
Knows many an aching heart.

Of bullion the bullying God
Affects the value with a nod,
What air-built castles fall
When JEFF & Co. a battle win!
But when their shattered forts cave in,
Then comes a rise in Wall.

At present everything is right,
The funds are steady, "cash not tight,"
Our dolorous days are past;
And favored by propitious Mars
Our stocks, despite domestic jars,
Will come to Par at last.

In consequence of Treason's throes
"Sixes" were up at last week's close,
And when our banner flies
O'er Yorktown's ravelins and moats,
There'll be no discount on our notes
Of triumph, as they rise.

Up go the National per cents,
As down go traitorous malcontents
Before the battle's brunt;
And as the rebel hordes we ply,
Our own hoards benefit thereby,
And sharp steel saves the "blunt."

DREADFUL DRAMATIC DRIVEL.

Mr. James Sheridan Knowles has, in our day, been esteemed a tolerable dramatic writer. A great many people have had a foolish habit of going to see his plays. Macready made his fame in them. So did Fanny Kemble makers. And Mrs. Shaw. Charles Kemble did not disdain Sheridan Knowles. Nor Tom Hamblin. Nor Booth. Nor Edwin Forrest. They used to pay good prices for poor Knowles's plays at Covent Garden and Drury Lane—establishments supposed to know good plays from bad, at least as well as the *World* newspaper, the self-constituted organ of pulpits and prayer meetings. But the Rev. Mr. Knowles having become a Baptist minister, the sage dramatic critic of the *World* has discovered that he is "dull, stiff, pompous and absurd, in synthetically graduated proportions." His "pathos is maudlin." That is why Miss Fanny Kemble liked to play *Julia*. His "humor is heavy." That is why Miss Ellen Tree liked to play *Constance*. When he is serious he is "dull and absurd." That is why his *Master Walter, William Tell, Virginius;* and *Julian St. Pierre*, have kept the stage for thirty or forty years.

Now, we don't say that Mr. Knowles is equal to the Divine Billy, whose works we humbly appreciate, although it has never been our misfortune to edit an edition of them, for which the public should feel much indebted to us. We don't say either, that Mr. Knowles is superior to Beaumont, Fletcher, Marston, Webster, and other old English Dramatists whom it is the fashion to talk about a great deal and read very little. But we do say, that as a dramatic author he is superior to Henry Ward Beecher, although he may have been, when on the stage, inferior to the Brooklyn gentleman as an actor. The *World* critic is very sweet upon Dionysius Lardner Boucicault, whose hashes are pronounced "capital." Well: we can aver this of poor Knowles's plays! Be they good, bad, indifferent, out of fashion or in—at least, he didn't steal them! Not even in "synthetically graduated proportions!"

THE SAVAGES OF SECESSIA.

"Inhumanity to the living has been the leading trait of the rebel leaders, but it was reserved for your committee *to disclose as a concerted system their insults to the wounded and their mutilation and desecration of the gallant dead.*"

"The outrages upon the dead will revive the recollections of the cruelties to which savage tribes subject their prisoners. They were buried in many cases naked, with their faces downward. They were left to decay in the open air, *their bones being carried off as trophies* sometimes, as the testimony proves, to be used as *personal adornments*, and one witness deliberately avers that *the head of one of our most gallant officers was cut off by a secessionist to be turned into a drinking cup on the occasion of his marriage.*" (*Report of Committee on the Conduct of the War.*)

Is this America or Ashantee?
Why send we missions forth to pagan lands
Where swarthy tribes to Moloch bend the knee?
While men called Christians, here, with bloody hands,
String their slain brothers bones in horrid strands,
Copying Dahomey's tiger king and priests;
And youthful pairs, just clasped in wedlock's bands,
Drink tender love-toasts at their marriage feasts
From skulls to goblets turned—abominable beasts!

A Suggestion.

Would not one of the "Rumford Medals" be a neat and appropriate presentation to the editor of that journal which takes part most earnestly with the rum-sellers in the great Liquor Case?

SUPREME FELICITY.

The Gentleman in Black who dispenses the juleps of judgment, the Tom-and-Jerry of legal technicalities, the bitters of Blackstone, and the cock-tails of Coke, from the bar, or bench, in the Supreme Court, has been "taken something," lately. That is, he took umbrage. His name is Barnard, and he took the stuff mentioned because a daily journalist hinted that he, Judge Barnard, was not altogether indisposed to look with a favoring eye upon the Vestal Fanes vulgarly called Concert Saloons, and the cherubim in low-necked dresses that therein do flit—or *did* flit, rather, for has not the State Legislature made another kind of flitters of them, for the present, if not for all time? Now, we by no means accept it as a probability that the J. B. in question is in the least addicted to the lagerian delights and the light fantastic towage by which men are drawn into the whirling vortex of these Shades of Bliss. The bench of the Supreme Court is apparently above the basement of the Vestal Fane. The J. B. who sits upon it, if "sly, may nevertheless be virtuous. Perhaps he is; and, accepting that cheerful view of the subject, it might have been premature of the daily journalist to hint that J. B. had made up his mind to give judgment in favor of the Vestal Fanes, anyhow, and on the principle of "who cares?" This would have been flagitious even had J. B. openly avowed his admiration of the Beautiful Attendant Sylphs of the Vestal Fanes, who may well be described in his own muscular words as "belonging to a class of persons who very properly belong to an establishment which keeps such persons." We make every allowance both for J. B.'s inefficient grammar, and for the lacerated state in which his mind apparently was after his perusal of the remarks passed upon him by the daily journalist. But we must object to one little flower of rhetoric flaunted by him in his reply to those remarks. We must enter our protest against the metaphor drawn by him from Kerrigan's Hall. What we allude to is his remark that the Supreme Court had become a resort for "vermin;" by which elegant term he characterised the members of the Press in the habit of frequenting that Court, in the discharge of their professional duties. Lawyers, indeed, in view of the delays that often take place in obtaining judgment, may well be called Tarriers, but it was scarcely polite of J. B. to rush to the rat pit for a comparison, and class gentlemen every bit as good as him and more too as "vermin." Perhaps J. B., in his beautiful frame of mind when he thus spoke, swooped lower still than the rat pit, and contracted with Crown's Corner to supply his memory with images for the occasion. We feel very creepy ever since J. B. made his famous "vermin" speech. Our furniture has a mobile and entomological shiver to our distempered eye, and our usual nightmare for the past week treats us to a vision of Judge Barnard in the form of a bull-pup, rushing rats frantically around the fragrant precincts of Kerrigan's Pit.

Not Dished.

V. F. learns with pleasure, from the London *Times*, that "the Great Eastern has been got off the Gridiron at Milford, in safety." As all who have had anything to do with her heretofore have burned their fingers, it is satisfactory to know that nobody has been damaged by this last operation. The directors had so many broils among themselves, have been hauled over the coals so often by the press, that it is presumed they are thoroughly seared. Some of the parties who have a stake in the leviathan and consider it rather a tough investment, are anxious to receive tenders for their interest, being of opinion that anything they can get is so much saved out of the fire. If the result of being gridironed is the same with ships as it is with cities, it is quite certain that the Great Eastern is well out of a bad crape. That distinguished *cuisinier* George Law, endeavored not long ago to Gridiron New York and came very near cooking our goose for us, but fortunately the central bar of the concern broke down, and we escaped the fate of St. Lawrence.

By a Captious Person.

"We have all read Mr. Dickens's clever "*Tale of Two Cities*," and some of us, who have seen the veracious telegrams constantly announcing:

"Savannah is taken."

"Savannah is not taken."

rather prefer the work of Boz to this later and less satisfactory one ...."Two Tales of a City."

Query.

[For Slavers and Theologians Only.]

Which strikes you as most uncomfortable, the Intermediate State, or the Middle Passage?

THE VANISHING TRICK.

General McClellan, (The Wizard of the North.)—"NOW, LADIES AND GENTLEMEN, LOOK! AS I PUT THIS EXTINGUISHER DOWN, THERE THEY ARE, WHEN I TAKE IT UP THEY SHALL HAVE DISAPPEARED!"

"Even in her Ashes (Coles) live her wonted fires."

The *Monitor* having been invented, constructed, and triumphantly proved in Hampton Roads, lo! an ingenuous Hinglish youth, yclept COLES, arises and claims the invention?

COLES conceived the turret idea and all that, long ago.

How quiet he kept about it!

Real live COLES, but cunningly smothered, no doubt, till the time came to fire up

And the British Government backs COLES, of course!

The B. G. believes that her COLES had the first light on the subject, of course!

Go away, Britannia-Rules-the-Waves!

Carry your COLES to Newcastle if you like!

But don't go for to try for to heap any such COLES on ERICSSON'S head!

Now don't!

The Royal Pilgrim.

At the date of last advices the Prince of Wales was at Jerusalem. Rumor says that it was thought judicious to send the royal juvenile to Judea because he had made a Judy of himself at home. We trust that his Jewry trials will help him to a better appreciation of the dignity residing *in Jure divino*, and that while paying his respects to the fair Hebrews he will drink to them in mild sherbet, and refrain from intoxicating Jew-lips. We have no doubt that every pretty *Juive* he encounters will tell him that he is sweeter than the Jews of Hermon, (as he probably is,) but let him remember the words of SOLOMON, "all is vanity" and come back, unseduced by flattery, from "tother side of Jordan."

A Bravura.

"What do you call your song?" asked the Divinity Student of the Musician.

"I call it 'The Far South'," replied he.

"What key is it in?" asked the Poet.

"In A."

"Ah!" spoke up X., "why didn't you set it in a Florider Key?"

Price of Beauty in the Cotton States.

The Liverpool Brokers' Circular quotes "Fair Mobiles" at thirteen and a half pence per pound. Black Mobiles, we believe, are worth at least ten times the money.

Fashionable Intelligence.

Commodore PORTER, after a series of balls at Fort Jackson and St. Philip, is holding a *levée* at New Orleans.

MOVING DAY.

If the rural denizens of such districts as Tompkins Square and Washington Park ever contemplated the establishment of a May Queen, no better day for the accession of such a monarch could have been desired than the first of the present month. We allude to the determination with which that day went in for a long rain. While the descending element was occupied in filling policemen's boots, it did not, on that account, neglect to run down the backs of nomadic boarding-house keepers. Impartial in the distribution of its moisture, it pattered with equal assiduity upon the band-boxes of the transitional Mrs. PHUZBOSS and upon the leaky umbrella held over her head by her snubbed and subdued little man, illustrating charmingly in water-colors the delightful incidents of Moving Day. What pleasant little family incidents occurred, here and there, as the independent processions trudged and trundled along highway and by-way! The tall, robust lady in blue, who carried in one hand a cage containing a green parrot, and in the other—but, hold! we were about trenching upon the *Herald's* descriptive department, and must go back to our own. Damp babies, carried by wet nurses, mingled with the dreary rain-storm their feeble squalls. The sufferings of black-and-tan terriers of small stature, crouching upon the tops of hat-boxes that stood upon chairs placed upon the tops of bureaus, were agonising in the extreme. Meteorological phenomena added their horrors to the doleful dumps of the day, travelling stove-pipes being converted into water-spouts in many instances. And what imparted a melancholy solemnity to the processions, above all things, was the absence of street music to cheer them on their way. Music, which melts on the slightest provocation, would have dissolved away to nothing under circumstances thus pluvial: for nothing short of a Vulcanized India Rubber Band could have played in our played out citizens on last Moving Day.

THE NEW FRANKENSTEIN.

A GLIMPSE OF THE HORRIBLE FATE IN STORE FOR JEFF DAVIS AT THE HANDS OF THE MONSTER "REBELLION."

PROPOSALS FOR A NEW DICTIONARY OF THE ENGLISH LANGUAGE.

The Proprietors of VANITY FAIR propose to issue their Dictionary of the English Language, compiled upon the popular principle of "Now You See It," whenever 500,000 copies at $10 per copy shall have been subscribed and likewise paid for. The student of this stupendous work will have the supreme felicity, in these turning times, of turning and turning and turning again, until his head will become suddenly and severely turned, and his conceptions as gloriously muddled as the colors in TURNER'S pictures. We submit submissively a specimen of our plan:

Abdomen, See Alderman.
Abolish, " Sambo.
Abomination, " Taxes.
Abstinence, " Rations

Babble, See Debate.
Backbite, " Investigating Committee.
Bandit, " Sutler.
Bane. " Whiskey.

Cabbage, See Army Tailor.
Cabinet. " Conspirator.
Candor, " Tribune.
Consumption " Treasury.

Dabbler, See Musical Critic.
Damnable, " Secretary of the Navy.
Decent, " Concert-Saloon.
Delusion, " Secession.

Editor, See All-Wise.
Election. " Stuffing.
Encyclopedia " C. A. DANA & GEO. RIPLEY.
Endorser, " Donkey.

Famine, See Camp Kettle.
Feast, " Delmonico.
Feeble, " The World.
Fiction " Telegraph.

Gag, See Government Censor.
Grammar " President's Message.
German, " Smoke.
Gammon, " Museum.

Hamlet, *don't* See Forrest.
Halter, See Rebel.
Humor, " VANITY FAIR.

Immodest, See "Waiter Girl."
Impeachable " CAMERON.
Imperishable, " VANITY FAIR.
Infamy, " Herald.

Jam, See Street Car.
Jesse, " Gen. Fremont.
Jig, " Jug.

Knave, See Commissary.
Kiss, " Bliss.

Landlord, See Extortioner.
Laugh, " VANITY FAIR.
Lead, " The World.

Magpie, See Member of Congress.
Major, " Alex. the Great.
Mud, " Street.

Office, See Plunder.
Opinion, " Party.
Orator, " Pump.
Organ, " Monkey.

Pale See Ale.
Palmetto, " Rope.
Palatable, " VANITY FAIR.
Paralysis, " Herald.
Protean, " Times.

Quack, See Advertisement.
Quicksilver, " Spendthrift.
Railing. See Womans' Rights.
Rarefication, " Horse.
Rebuff, " Balls' Bluff.

Sackcloth, See Ashes.
Salamander, " Mose.

Tailor, See Vulgar Fractions.
Talented, " VANITY FAIR.

Unique, See VANITY FAIR.
Unsurpassed, " VANITY FAIR.

Valiant, See VANITY FAIR.
Welcome, See VANITY FAIR.
Witty " VANITY FAIR.
Youthful See VANITY FAIR.
Zany, See Daily Paper.

☞ *Send in your orders. Stand not upon the Order of your Ordering but Order at Once!* ☜

The Bravest of the Brave.

A Western paper says "the wound of Commodore FOOTE is in the *tendon Achilles*." Where else could it be, since he is an Achilles all over? nay more than an Achilles! for the Greek hero once turned his back on the enemy, the American champion never! Our FOOTE needs rest. He asks for it, and we know how much he *must* need it to make such a request. Let him come home. Should he die at his post of a neglected wound, it would be a governmental murder. It has been said of England: "wherever she has placed her foot she has established her throne," and *we* may say with more truth, "wherever we have placed our FOOTE we have re-established the Republic."

The War Oracle.

The lymphatic editor of the *Tribune*, on whom rests the mantle of NAPOLEON, and who is in fact Mars in a soft hat and unseemly pantaloons, pitches into General MCCLELLAN for permitting "the wide dispersion of our forces." It is clear from this quotation that HORACE has gone over to the rebels, because it is for the "wide dispersion" of *their* forces that MCCLELLAN is responsible. Well, lightly as we have thought of the patriotism of the *Tribune*, we did not suppose its principal editor would ever call the rebel hosts "our forces," and blame a Union general for thus accomplishing their "dispersion."

Horrible, Indeed.

Some idea of the destitution to which the Rebels are coming in consequence of the repeated successes of the Federal arms, may be gathered from a paragraph in a late number of the *Norfolk Day Book*, which says that it "has become a question of Grave moment as to where and how the people are to be fed."

THE SONG OF THE CONTRABAND.

All in the chilly month of May
A Contraband went up Broadway,
Faint, and sick, and all unfed,
Up Broadway he knew not where,
He had not where to lay his head,
Shuffling along in the chilly air.
And as he shuffled and shuffled along,
His features set in a vacant stare,
(A helpless child in an alien land,
Pushed and spurned by the busy throng,)
He hummed the end of a bitter song,
And this is the Song of the Contraband:

I.

I don't know whar dis darkey
At last is gwine to rest;
Dey've stole him from ole Georg'a,
Dey've driv him from de West,
De Norf refuse to hab him,
An' ebery oder place—
O golly! but dis darkey's
A Lord-forsaken case!
De Abolition S'ciety,
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men an' brodders—
I tink I hear enuff!

II.

Dey tole me I war better
Den ef my skin war white,
Dey spoke so kind and gentle,
So 'mazin'ly polite,
I tho't de Norf war waitin'
Fer dis ole fool to come
An' lib wid dem foreber,
Wid ebery house a home!
De Abolition S'ciety,
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men and brodders—
I tink I hear enuff!

III.

O, dey war playin' possum:
S'pose, now, it troubles dem
(So long dey spite my marster,)
What comes of Uncle CLEM?
No sar! an' so dis darkey,
Because he had no sense,
War possumed by de Yankees,
An' left upon de fence!
De Abolition S'ciety,
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men an' brodders—
I tink I hear enuff!

IV.

Now who will take dis darkey
Afore he's 'pletely froze,
An' gib him for his labor
De hoe-cake an' de clothes?
Dar's Massa WENDELL PHILLIPS,
What preaches 'bout de sin
Ob slabery, I wonder
Ef *he* would take me in?
De Abolition S'ciety,
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men an' brodders—
I tink I hear enuff!

V.

I wish I war in Georg'a,
Dat dear ole land again,
Among de flowerin' cotton,
Among de sugar-cane;
Den ef a Yankee preacher
Came lyin' 'bout de Lord,
An' chains, and things—by golly,
I'd knock him wid a gourd!
De Abolition S'ciety,
I guess um monstrous stuff,
Dey call us men an' brodders—
I tink I hear enuff!

A "PERSONAL" REMINISCENCE.

"IF THE YOUNG LADIES WHO, ETC. ETC., WILL MEET THE TWO HANDSOME, FASHIONABLE-LOOKING YOUNG MEN WHO, ETC., ETC.," (*See Herald*, any day.)

The Gay Blades!

Where are the thousand-and-one Brigadier-Generals who have been jerked into existence within the last three months? On receiving their commissions, all declared that they would have victory or death, generally preferring the former; but we have heard nothing of them, in the best battles lately fought. Each one has been presented with a splendid sword, by his enthusiastic friends; but we suspect that the movements of these gentlemen are akin to those of the Navy Department, and, to carry the resemblance still further, that their splendid swords are made only of Sheathing Metal.

A Question for Chiropodists.

If soldiers are to be classed as Men of War, will it not be necessary to furnish them, henceforth, with iron toe and finger nails?

"Hope told a flattering Tale."

As likewise did HACKLEY, HOPE'S partner, when he told us that we should have clean streets when the snow went.

Good for the Spanish Loan.

The London papers say the Spanish Loan is to be put upon "a new basis." The old basis is—"Base is the slave who pays."

How to Settle Butler's Troubles.

Jug him again....and the sooner the better.

The Crescent and the Cross.

New Orleans and her sulking secessionist citizens.

THE SONG OF THE BRIGADIER.

"We have had enough of Action"....[TENNYSON.]

I.

I wear a splendid uniform,
I ride a splendid nag,
I talk both loud and valiantly
Of Honor and The Flag;
But let the South be easy still,
Her soldiers need not fear,
Nor shot nor blow shall lay them low
While I'm a Brigadier.

II.

I canter gaily through the streets
Attended by my Staff.
Unheeding little vulgar boys
Who hoot and stare and chaff;
And such a Staff! all foreign names
Quite wonderful to hear!
Plain Yankee boys aren't good enough
For such a Brigadier.

III.

I've Baron This, the Duke of That,
And Prince of T'other, too,
And people ask me "what on earth
I have for them to do?"
'Tis plain to all but vulgar minds
I want a kindred sphere;
There's nought like title, blood, and style
To Aid a Brigadier.

IV.

No bloody wounds and hurts for me!
Perhaps I am a sham,
But Politics and Influence
Have placed me where I am:
I give my dinners, draw my pay,
Drink brandy, wine, and beer,
And mean to have a jolly time
While I'm a Brigadier.

V.

Investigations pass me by,
Committees raise no row,
No one expects that I will fight,
And, faith! I don't know how!
I'm not for use but ornament,
So each day I appear
In buttons, braid, and gold arrayed,
A fancy Brigadier.

VI.

There are a plenty in the field
Who really like to fight,
Give me but money and good clothes,
And I'll be harmless, quite:
Yet there is one thing on my mind
That seems not very clear....
How can the Government afford
My style of Brigadier?

Mickle and Muckle.

"The best way for a husband and wife to get along, in money matters," said the Landlady, is for him to give her So Much Money every month."

"Ah!" sighed the Broker's Wife, "I think so too; but my husband gives me So Little!"

A Forensic Problem.

"Let us suppose A. and B. two lawyers, one of whom is lame, and the other a wit. Now, if B. makes fun of A's. Lameness, has A. any right to make fun of B's. Witness?" [*Leisure Thoughts of a Juryman.*]

PATHETIC INCIDENT OF THE WAR.

It is long since we have felt so much inclined to shed just a tear or two, as when we read in the *Commercial Advertiser* that a White Soldier had been seen in the heartless, pitiless remorseless and cold-blooded act of teaching a Black Individual to read a newspaper! We appeal to our principal Sensitive Reader; and we ask him confidently if he ever found anything but the most poignant pain in reading any paper except—ahem!—V. F., you know? Now here is poor Colored Contraband. He has, probably, not had what you may call a delicious life of it. Sometimes, very likely, he has been chastised. Sometimes may be, he has been overworked. Sometimes, he has lost a Good Master, and got a Bad One. Short commons, possibly! Too much shovel and hoe! Too little fiddle and bow! But is there anything, we ask, which would be so likely to raise in his bosom a burning and passionate desire to go where Blacks of the most Eminent Virtue are supposed to go, as being compelled to read, we will say, for instance, the leading articles in the *Herald*? Could a man peruse the *World* faithfully for one week without becoming a confirmed misanthrope? Is it a Christian act to introduce a mild, gentle, unsophisticated and uncontaminated Child of Africa, to the fightings, fibbings, ferocities, fatuities, the squibs and squalls, the damnable inuendoes, the libels, insinuations, horrors and highfalutings of an ordinary, first-class, enterprising, spirited, popular New York newspaper? If the Dark One above mentioned must be taught to read let him be taught in some high-toned, moral journal—like—well, never mind! we leave the reader to conjecture the name of it.

HOW THE TAKING OF NEW ORLEANS TOOK IN NEW ORLEANS.

JOHN F. MONROE, Mayor of New Orleans whined and dribbled over the success of the Union vessels in conquering the Crescent City, chiefly in the following style—in a letter addressed by him to Flag Office FARRAGUT:—

"Sir, you have manifested sentiments which would become one engaged in a better cause than that to which you have devoted your sword. I doubt not that they spring from a noble though deluded nature, and I know how to appreciate the emotions which inspired them. You have a gallant people to administrate during your occupancy of this city—a people sensitive to all that can in the least affect their dignity and self-respect. *Pray, sir, do not fail to regard their susceptibilities.* The obligations which I shall assume in their name shall be religiously complied with. *You may trust their honor, though you might not count on their submission to unmerited wrong.*"

How thoughtful of the Mayor to remind Commodore FARRAGUT of the susceptibilities of the Crescent Citizens! An imminent bombardment, we are inclined to believe, would perhaps arouse the tender susceptibilities of a peculiarly susceptible people, so possibly the bold Mayor was right about it. We never were cannon-balled for any length of time ourselves, consequently we own that our estimate of the effect which such a circumstance might produce on the "susceptibilities" of even the toughest nerved person is wholly unreliable. The scared head of the New Orleans City Government winds up by telling our gallant commander, that he "may trust to their (the people's) honor" which is an insinuation that the Commodore must be green; but he adds that "he may not count on their submission to unmerited wrong"—which renders it very uncertain what the Mayor's townsmen mean to do about the whole business.

The New Orleans and Last-Ditch Railroad.

It is stated that a new railroad is to be built from New Orleans to Goodness Knows Where, away beyond Texas. The idea is undoubtedly to find that celebrated but rather indefinite geographical point termed the "Last Ditch," in which every true lover of treason and enemy of liberty has sworn repeatedly to die. We presume furthermore that passengers over the New Orleans and Last Ditch R. R. will, when the thing gets into Running Order, be classed very appropriately as Dead Heads.

"Physicians were in vain."

The rumor that GREELEY had taken a position with the Army, as Nurse, is unfounded. It arose from his strenuous and persistent efforts to Nurse General FREMONT's reputation.

CONFEDERATE DIPLOMACY HARD UP.

We have perused with mingled feelings of pity and pleasure, the batch of correspondence relating to Confederate Diplomacy in Europe, found on board the captured Steamer *Calhoun;* and we condense its pecuniary pathos for the benefit of the great Guild of the Seedy in general, and the Disloyal Seedy in particular.

No. I. J. M. VERNON writes from Brussels to BUTLER KING, most dolorously, that he hasn't a dollar, and most dismally that he hasn't a dime. Finds it "difficult to maintain his dignity and honor"—to say nothing we suppose, of his digestion. Wants to borrow $250. Don't believe he got them.

No. II. F. S. CLAXTON writes from Moscow to BUTLER KING, saying: "I am most anxious to communicate with my Uncle. Please indicate a safe channel." We should have supposed that a man of CLAXTON'S experience would have known that Three Golden Balls always indicate "a safe channel," by passing through which, anybody can see his Uncle.

No. III. CLAXTON writes again from Moscow inviting the said BUTLER KING to come to Russia, and says he will be paid "for so doing; but doesn't say whether he will be paid in cash or confederate notes; and so the cautious KING declined to undertake the journey.

No. IV. J. L. O'SULLIVAN writes to Mr. KING, who seems to have been dunned all around, within an inch of his life, that he would certainly come to London "if he could afford it." But he cannot elevate the breeze. Says he is in debt. Says he cannot get away. This letter must have extracted at least Five Dollars from the compassionate KING.

No. V. Mr. CALHOUN writes from Paris a little lugubrious note. Says GREENE, the banker, will not advance a franc. Poor, cashless CALHOUN!

No. VI. Letter from Liverpool to T. BUTLER KING threatening writs, arrests for debt, the King's Bench, and other awful indignities.

No. VII. Letter from J. N. BEACH, in London, to T. BUTLER K. in Paris, stating forlornly that Messrs. WINIEMAN and MORDECAI decline to shave T. B. K.'s paper. What a sly old WINIEMAN! What a sagacious MORDECAI!

No. VIII. Dunning letter from R. MITCHELL in Paris to BUTLER K. Says he paid a bill (£5,) for printing one of K.'s Secession pamphlets. Wants his money. Wants it now. Probably continues to want it. Also, wants £1, for travelling expenses. Probably continues to want that.

We have come to the agonizing conclusion that ere this, Mr. KING'S best diplomatic knee-inexpressibles must have gone up the Long and Fatal Spout. Under the circumstances, we cannot refrain from bursting into Elegiac Song:

Pity the sorrows of a diplomat,
Who wanders hungry on a foreign shore;
Whose Uncle holds his breeches and cock'd hat;
O send five shillings if you send no more!

THE FELICITOUS FORTRESS MONROE DISPATCH.

[*Such as comes to hand every evening more or less, by telegraph.*]

To the Hon. E. M. STANTON, Secretary of War. I have just received word from General Report to the effect that five negroes have arrived from Portsmouth. The contrabands express various opinions, some of which are of the utmost importance if true. Richmond has, since the taking of New Orleans, become a thickly settled lunatic asylum. The rebel army of the West declare how that if they do not drive the North into the polar regions at the next battle, near Corinth or Memphis, they know what they will do. They will immediately write to PLUTO to take supreme command in person, if he has any, of the entire Confederate force, requesting him to provide each soldier with two extra spirits in addition to the one of Delirium Tremens already possessed by him, viz. that of Revenge and that of Despair. Thus strengthened they hope to equal in cowardly barbarity, the foulest fiends accredited to Tartarus. Every woman has been promised a Yankee skull and cross-bones- Prattling infants are allowed already to use the bones of slaughtered Union heroes as playthings—and these are termed "Yankee Notions for Children. Profanity and blasphemy are considered a mark of loyalty in women as well as men.

The *Merrimac* is thinking about coming out.

The *Monitor* is probably thinking about going in.

The negroes thus far that have sought refuge within our lines are for the most part black. Their hearts are, however, I trust, white with the heat of glowing patriotism.

JOHN WOOL, Major General.